

Fate Binding

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Summary: When Pitch and his army of nightmares threaten the world, four unlikely heroes must come together to protect it. A Rise of the Brave Tangled Dragons story featuring Jack Frost (RotG), Hiccup (HTTYD), Merida (Brave) and Rapunzel (Tangled). Will contain Mericcup and Jackunzel.

## 1. All in Favor

**\*\*Hey guys! So this is my first Fanfiction here. I hope you like it!\*\***

**\*\*I do not own these characters nor the movies they come from, they are owned by Disney, Pixar and Dreamworks respectively.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>The lights had called them. Not just any lights, either. It was the northern lights, a way for the Guardians to be summoned should the time ever come for it. The Man in the Moon had something to sayâ€”unusual, perhaps, as the moon wasn't known for his amazing conversation starters. But he did speak upon occasion, though only to those willing to listen.<p>

This here was a rare sight. The Big Four all in one place. Sandman: a short and somewhat pudgy man who appeared to be made out of golden sand particles. The Tooth Fairy: an eccentric young woman covered head to toe in beautiful feathers. The Easter Bunny: six feet of soft, cuddly, Australian terror and the big man himself, good old Saint Nick: a downright jolly man with a Russian accent as thick as his own beard and eyes full of wonder. These were the Guardians and the protectors of children.

"This better be good, mate." The ever large rabbit spoke first.

Toothiana hovered above them with her knees pulled upwards and hands

balled into loose fists. She spoke at an alarming rate to the small fairies hovering around her. Not everyone got to work one night a year and when you were collecting the teeth of children around the world you didn't get much down time.

"Man in moon," Nick began, capturing the Guardian's attention by pointing upwards to the large floor-to-ceiling window. There was the moon, big and bright as ever before.

Manny seemed to take that as his cue. The moon let off a bright light that shone in through the window and cast a sinister man's shadow onto the large "G" on the ground by the Guardians' feet.

"Pitch? He's here?" Tooth inquired, still hovering.

"Can't be. No one's seen 'im for years." Bunny replied.

Sandy signed with rapid images above his head and the room fell silent. No one knew what he was saying or trying to say anyways.

"Well!" Nick said with a clear of his throat, "Manny does not lie." That much was true.

"Right, mate. What do we do?"

The encircled G on the ground began to glow and pulled back to allow for the raise of a totem.

"A new guardian?"

"Not one."

"Four."

\* \* \*

><p>Berk: where it snows nine months of the year and hails the other three. The island was once terrorized by fire breathing beasts but the dragons and Vikings had been living together in harmony for several years. It was all thanks to one boy who wasn't afraid of being himself, nor. Alright, he'd been a little afraid.<p>

Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third, son of Chief Stoik the Vast and his wife Valhallarama. Hiccup was not your average Viking. He lacked the overall large, burly build of the a Berk Viking or any Viking, really. But Hiccup was smart and resourceful, and with the help of one special Night Fury he managed change the views of an entire island and unite two foes.

Today the mighty dragon tamer was drawing at his desk. He had his sketch book flipped open to a blank page where he scrawled out new tail designs for his dragon Toothless. More speed, better control.

A burly shadow cast from his window caused him to turn.

"Hello?" When he received no response he shrugged and went back to his drawing. "Great. Now you're seeing things."

The floors creaked and Hiccup spun around to find himself face to

belly with a man he didn't recognise. "Gah!"

"There he is!" The man's thick foreign accent made it apparent that he wasn't from around here. He advanced and Hiccup jumped backwards, arms sprawling across his workstation and sending papers flying.

\* \* \*

><p>The loud thundering of a Clydesdale's hooves against the forest floor was enough to scare birds from their trees. It was that or the loud calls of the horse's rider: a young girl with fiery red locks that blew behind her as she rode through the glen. She freed another arrow from the quiver bound to her hip. Merida of Dun Broch raised her bow as the horse galloped the heavily traveled path. She lined up her arrow and pulled back, firing on the target that hung from a nearby tree.<p>

"Ye-hah!" She called, pounding her fists into the air.

"Le's go ta th' river, Angus!" She said, patting the Clydesdale's neck.

The pair had been together for some time. Even back when the young princess had tried to change her fate, Angus had been there as her trusty steed. Of course as much as she would have liked to put that whole turning-her-mother-into-a-bear ordeal behind her it kept coming to mind. At least the two were on better terms, even if she did still have her daily training.

The river was as peaceful as it could be with the fish making their way down stream by the hordes. Angus had trotted downstream for a drink of water. Merida sat by the shore on a rock and watched him with a broad grin. She brushed her thumb across the small carving in the side of her bow and sighed. Even the ground seemed to sparkle with an odd golden sheen. She couldn't ask for a more perfect day-

"Woah, woah, 'ey!"

-to have a brown sac thrown over her.

\* \* \*

><p>Rapunzel threw open the window to her tower and let out a long, content sigh. The sun felt warm against her fair cheeks. She took a seat on the ledge placed her hands in her lap.<p>

"What a beautiful day! Don't you think so, Pascal?" She chimed down to the green chameleon by her side with a charming tilt of her head. He uttered a low cackle in response. She gave a content sigh and slouched backward.

"Me too."

Her mother had left her again, gone out to buy her new paints. She was due back in two days. Rapunzel was running out of room on the tower walls. Part of her wished her mother would buy her more space instead of paint, or better yet let her outside. But it was dangerous out in the world and there were people there just waiting to take advantage of her magical glowing hair and use it for their own

selfish purposes. That was why she was here. Her mother was protecting her from the outside. Mother hadn't much faith in her, and sometimes Rapunzel wondered if she really was too weak to hold her own out there. It didn't matter.

"Hello!" A cheerful voice piped up from behind her.

"Wh-who areâ€" She caught a glimpse of bright color before something was thrown over her. A sac? She was lifted from her feet and left to sink into the bottom of the bag with her yards of blonde locks.

"Let me go!"

\* \* \*

><p>Jack Frost was not by any means a household name. In fact, he wasn't a household anything. He was as alone as he had ever been. It feltâ€| it felt horrible.<p>

"Hey, I'll race you!" a young boy called as he bumped his friend in the arm and ran off.

"No fair!" And they were gone.

Jack smiled, floating down from the sky and coming to balance on the rooftop of the village he visited. He rest his wooden staff on the rooftop and leaned against it. He loved this, whatever this was. Even if they couldn't see him he felt like there was a part of him that was meant forâ€| whatever they had. That joy, he supposed. He wasn't really sure.

Two loud stomps sounded behind him. "Frost. Been a while, hasn't it?"

"Bunnymund, fancy seeing you here. Miss me?"

"Not quite," he paused, spinning his boomerang between his paws. "Get him."

"W-what? Hey! No!"

Two yetis jumped the winter spirit, one grabbing him firmly by the shoulders while the other held the bag open. This was certainly not a fair fight.

\* \* \*

><p>Four separate snow globe portals opened in North's workshop. From the portals, four reddish-brown bags that looked much more equipped for present-carrying than people snatching emerged. They were followed by each respective guardian and two rather proud yetis.<p>

Everyone fell silent for a moment as the bags rustled and fell open. One by one they stood, all with the same confused look.

"Welcome, guests!"

"Guests? Ye've thrown us int'a sacs and ye call us yer guests?" The redhead challenged, going for the bow over her shoulder.

"Watch it there, mate. No need for the bow." Bunny said, lifting his paws.

"Who are you and how did you find me? Why are we here?" Rapunzel challenged, raising her own fists as she made some attempt at being intimidating. Needless to say she'd never really gotten any practice.

"That is a lot of hair." Hiccup uttered bluntly. Rapunzel stepped back and held her hands out towards him.

"Hey, hey. Calm down."

North interrupted them. "Now that the four of you are here we may begin with the ceremony!"

"Ceremony? I don't quite follow, Claus." Jack said, turning around to face the Guardians from where he had been admiring the arctic workshop.

"Jack Frost!" North greeted. The others turned to look at the fair haired boy. "It is good to be seeing you again!"

"Agin?" Merida questioned. "Whot D'you mean, 'agin'?"

"You canâ€¦ you can see me?" There was a choked laugh that followed his words. They could see him!

"Aie, somethin' wrong with it?" She replied, hands firmly on her hips.

"There's something wrong with \_'im.\_" Bunny grumbled. Jack scowled and opened his mouth to retort.

"Bunny," Tooth scolded.

"Of course they see you! You are all Guardians! Protectors of children! It works well, no?" North thundered.

"Guardians? What makes you think I want to be a Guardian? What makes you think that any of us want to be Guardians?" Jack's eyes narrowed as he swept his arm outwards. "It might be for you guys but not for me. Nice seeing all of you again but I'm not the guy you want."

"You were all chosen by Man in Moon. We were all chosen. He would not choose you if you were not worthy." North said, slamming a fist into his open palm.

"It's Pitch Black. He's back and we need your helpâ€¦" all of your help." Tooth explained as she hovered over Sandy who had already fallen asleep. "He sent the world into darkness once. We can't let it happen again."

"You are going to be Guardians! Is exciting, yes?" Nick said, lifting his arms high above his own head.

"So, this is what you guys do? Kidnap people? Quite the living you've made for yourself." Hiccup uttered in his deadpan tone. It got a light chuckle out of Merida and the two exchanged smiles.

"We protect the children of the world." North gestured up towards the large globe with its many bright yellow lights. "And now so will you."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>So, there you have it! I hope you all enjoyed it.<strong>

## 2. Opt-Out

"Look, I don't know what half of that means but I'm not the one you want." Hiccup responded. "I have to get back before anyone notices I'm gone." Toothless would not take kindly to his rider disappearing.

"An' ah left Angus back by the creek." Merida added, though when the others gave her a glance she figured a bit of an explanation was in order. "Angus is ma horse."

"Well, hang on." Rapunzel said, stepping forward with a high head. "I've never even been out of my tower beforeâ€"thisâ€"this is amazing. You guys are really just going to give this up?" She couldn't comprehend it. She could tell by looking out the window that they were nowhere near her tower. This was excitingâ€"though admittedly a bit frightening. She didn't have her mother waiting back home for her, she wanted to enjoy this even if she still wasn't sure what this was.

"Tower?" Jack inquired, giving her a sideways glance.

"I live in a tower. Well, my mother lives there tooâ€"sometimes. She says it's not safe outside so I've never gone out." That definitely raised more questions than it answered.

"She doesnae let ye out? Ever?"

"Not that I can remember."

"So you're a prisoner."

"No!" Rapunzel's voice rose significantly. Now she definitely had everyone's attention if she hadn't already.

"No," She repeated, softer. "She's just keeping me safe. You don't know what's out there. Ruffians, thugsâ€"|" "

"Ruffians?" Merida snorted.

"Well, yesâ€"| It's not so bad in the tower."

Sandy who, prior to Rapunzel's shouting, had been sleeping standing up was now staring off at the globe and the unusual shadows that seemed to play off of it. The image of the globe formed out of dream sand appeared above his head and he pointed, though everyone was still too distracted by Rapunzel to notice. He pointed again, this time with far more devotion and enthusiasm. Still he couldn't manage to capture anyone's attention.

A small elf donning red garbs stood next to him. The two exchanged a look before Sandy picked him up by the bell that sat atop his head. Before he could shake the poor creature a low ominous cackle filled the workshop.

"What's this?" Nick reached for the sword by his side. What child could ever have imaged Santa Claus carrying such a weapon?

Black tendrils of sand entwined themselves around the globe. The room immediately grew darker as everyone watched in fear as the globe was consumed by this darkness. It looked like Sandy's dream sand, though riddled with something sinister.

The guardians went into their defensive stances. Bunny took to his boomerang, Tooth and her fairies raised their fists, Sandy grabbed his whips out of thin air and Nick raised his sword towards the globe.

"What's going on?" Hiccup's voice was laced with fear.

He and Rapunzel took a step back. What could he do without Toothless? He doubted he could even throw one of the elves far enough. Merida had her bow pulled out and arrows ready in a split second and Jack raised his staff so that it was at eye level with him and pointed towards the globe.

A mysterious wind was generated in the room that ruffled hair and sent the pint-sized elves skidding backwards. Just as everyone readied to face a foe the swirling tendrils forced their way back to the top of the globe and puffed outwards into a hazy cloud of falling dust. Shoulders relaxed, though not for long as the threatening form Pitch Black appeared. It floated from one end of the wall to the other. The sand form cackled, though never turning his head to acknowledge the Guardians' presence.

Merida tensed and let fly one of her arrows. It hit—or should have hit. Once it made contact with the flying form it whizzed right through and made a harmless thunk against the wall.

And just like that Pitch Black was gone. The winds had died, lights had returned to the globe and aside from the black dust by their feet there was no sign of him having ever set foot in North's workshop.

"W-what was that thing?" Rapunzel gasped.

"It was Pitch. This is much worse than we thought." Nicholas St. North's face held a grim expression.

He bent down to feel the dark sand between his fingers. "Sandy, what do you make of this?" The Sandman only shrugged.

"That's Pitch? That's the guy you're trying to get us to take on?"

"We're kids. What could we supposed to do? Her arrow went right through him."

Merida frowned at that mention. An elf had run over to collect her

arrow. She thanked it and it blushed before running off to help a few of the others pick up the trinkets knocked over by the wind. She shoved it back into her quiver.

"This is crazy. You people are crazy." Hiccup slumped his shoulders and shook his head. "Look, I just want to go home and forget this ever happened."

"That makes two 'a us."

"Three."

Rapunzel hesitated, looking at the other three with a bit of defeat in her eyes. "â€ Four."

"Ya can't just leave, ya gumbies." Bunny said, but North held out a hand to stop him.

"We cannot hold them here. My yetis will take you home, back to where you were taken from." The yeti's all groaned. They would much rather be doingâ€ anything, really. They had gifts to make. There were only six months until Christmas and much left to do.

The yetis each took a snow globe and the four chosen ones were gone as quickly as they'd come.

"You're just letting them go?" Tooth questioned, flying over to where Nick stood.

"They are chosen, Tooth. They will come to senses. We must give them time."

Sandy pouted.

"Better hope yer right, mate."

\* \* \*

><p>The dark caverns of Pitch's lair had been home to him for hundreds of years. After having first been cast out by the Guardians all those years ago he'd vowed to have his revenge. No one believed in the Boogeyman now but they would. Pitch Black would have the recognition he deserved and everyone would know the true meaning of fear.<p>

The light from Pitch's globe filled the room. On a nearby table there was a small crystal-like globe. The images within it swirled and danced, changing between different scenes almost too quickly to follow: Scottish Highlands, soaring dragons, a faraway tower and frosty wonderlands.

"You can't run forever, Guardians. Your luck is running out."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>And there's our second chapter! We got a quick look at Pitch, there, but he'll be back. Hope you enjoyed this update.<strong>



### 3. What Was Lost

It had been three months since she'd been thrown into a sac and whisked away to some wintery workshop. In those three months Merida of the clan DunBroch had done all she could to put that horrible day behind her. North had kept his promise. The yetis had taken her back to the creek where her Clydesdale had remained in wait.

Back home, life had returned to its dull simmer. Her brothers continued to get away with just about everything their elder sister could not. King Fergus continued to tell his tales of how he lost his leg to the demon bear Mor'du and better yet how his beautiful wife Elinor had slain the beast to save her family. The Queen herself was back to teaching Merida her skills. As much as Merida hated the lyre and working on tapestries she was glad to have the whole betrothal put behind her.

Her mother still held hope of her daughter picking one of the suitors. They were nice boys. Even Young Macintosh has a sweet side under those lovely flowing locks of his. Merida just didn't want to be married. Maybe someday when she'd had adventures of her own she would marry but she didn't want to be held down. She wanted someone who could keep up and continue the adventure with her, not someone who would expect her to put it all aside and sit around reading letters like her mother did.

Occasionally the young Scot would wonder what it could have been like if they had all stayed, though she didn't fancy the thought of dying to whomever or whatever Pitch was.

The three princes suddenly ran past, forcing Merida up against the wall to let them through. Hubert and Harris carried sweet bread under their shirts that made them appear to have put on pounds since breakfast. Hamish ran in front of them carrying a large platter of deserts above his head.

"Boys!" Maudie called from down the hall.

Merida grinned to herself and dashed after the triplets weaved through the corridors before coming out into the trophy room.

"Ye wee devils. What've ye done ta Maudie now?" Merida teased as she used her back to close the door.

The princes grinned at her as a few treats slipped from Harris's sleeve.

"Always int'a trouble, eh?" Merida walked around the room eyeing the various mounted animal heads her father had 'collected'.

"Ah, remember when he got this one? It chased the three a ye down th path an' the three 'a ye ran all th' way ta mum before trippin' an loosin' a tooth? The same one, wasn't it? Tha big one in th' front." She lifted the bear's mounted head down from the wall and held it up in front her face as she spun to face the wee lads. She pulled it down expecting to see the grinning looks on their faces, though she was met with blank stares.

"Boysâ€¦ ye really don't remember it?"

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup's days were all spent in the academy training the younger ones (and a few stubborn elders) to befriend and ride a dragon. It wasn't easy. Sure, Berk had put their hatred for the winged reptiles behind them but it wasn't always easy to forget the houses burned or the lives lost. That trust took time to build. Even his own father hadn't any desire to ride a dragon until quite recently. He could live with them in harmony but he had preferred the old ways of walking from troubled herd to troubled herd and using his sword to shoo away the twins when they tried to cause mischief.<p>

However his is dragon seemed a perfect match for the Viking Chief: a Thunder Drum named Thornado. It was his clever idea of course to combine Thor with Tornado. Well, that and the fact that the dragon wouldn't respond to any other name.

"Alright! Now just hold your hand out and move slowly. You don't want to spook a dragon."

The three students before the dragons looked just about ready to soil themselves. Luckily for him he'd just gotten the newer recruits to train today. Astrid and Snotlout had taken those prepared to the skies for lessons and Ruffnut, Tuffnut and Fishlegs had gone scouting. What Hiccup wouldn't give to take Toothless and go scouting.

The three young Vikings did as they were told, however somewhat fearfully. One of the dragons snorted, releasing a hot spurt of steam from his nostrils. The student stumbled back and fell onto his rear with a loud and unintentional scream. The dragons reared back away from the three and hissed much like a certain domesticated feline. Their raised their wings and craned their necks as if to strike.

"Whoa, whoa!" Hiccup called, placing himself between them.

From where he lay on the opposite end of the arena, the dark Night Fury rose and bounded over to his rider. The pair simmered the dragon's tensions, Toothless with his innocent expression and Hiccup with his soothing words.

Once the dragons were back in their pens Hiccup turned to the startled students, all of whom looked at him with awe. He wore a tired smile. "It's fine. You can try again. They just take a bit of time"

"Oh, what's the use, Hiccup? We're never going to get it." The other two nodded.

"Well, that's optimistic isn't it? What's gotten into you guys?" Hiccup asked, moving to dismount Toothless. The dragon huffed and tilted his head.

"It's stupid. Why are we even doing this?"

"It just takes time. You'll get it. You need to have a little faith."

"Forget it, Hiccup. Who needs dragon training anyway?"

\* \* \*

><p>Rapunzel ran through the forest. The long blades of grass tickled her bare ankles as the fresh summer air filled her lungs. The canopy above her cast rays of light down onto the forest floor. She dove forward, falling into a bed of snow white daisies with yellow centers as bright as the sun itself. She let out a high-pitched squeal as she brought her fists up to level with her collar bone in excitement.<p>

Rapunzel rolled over onto her stomach as the skies grew darker above her. The stars lit across the night sky. She forced her torso upward with her arms and let her head fall back to the skies. The lights from the stars reflected in her green eyes.

A brighter light caught her gaze. She turned her head to stare out to the west where bright lights hovered in the skies, floating upwards and towards where the girl lay.

"The lightsâ€|" She murmured.

She let their beauty sink in for a split second before she scrambled to her feet and towards the tallest tree she could find. She placed her slender hands on the tree's trunk and began to climb, using the grooves in the bark to propel herself upwards. Her long golden hair trailed behind as she climbed. Rapunzel pulled herself up onto the highest branch and sat down. She swung her legs over the branch and let them sway back and forth.

The lights soon filled the skies above her, casting their glow across the entire forest. The leaves around her seemed to absorb this light and radiate a glow similar to that of her golden hair. She grinned as her eyes tried to take in every inch of the wonder around her.

A light floated down towards her, its glow lit up the area with a near blinding energy. She extended a tentative hand towards the cylindrical form as it neared her. It was so close. Feet away, now inches. By the time it was but a hair's length away her heart was pounding, her eyes were wide and just as she reached out on the tips of her toes to touch itâ€|

The skies clouded. The life the forest once had was gone and filled with a sinister energy that tried to block out the lights and the joy they brought with them. Rapunzel's smile faded and she now reached out for the light in desperation instead of awe. The light flickered once and then the whole being burst into flame.

"No!" The girl gasped, drawing back her hand.

The light plummeted in flames that quickly ignited the forest. Rapunzel stumbled backwards and fell from the branch. Her eyes shut and she screamed, preparing for impact. When nothing came she opened her eyes to find herself alone in the dark. A single candle lit up ahead of her and she ran to it. The candle illuminated a small portion of ground, though enough for her to see the charred remains of something, too far into ash to be recognisable.

"Rapunzel." A compassionate voice called to her.

"M-mother? I didn't mean for any of this to happen I-" She turned to find her dark haired mother standing behind her, as youthful as she had ever been.

"My, Rapunzel. What have you done?" The girl's heart skipped a beat.

Rapunzel shot up from her bed, beads of sweat forming on her brow line and tears welling in her eyes. Beside her, a small green chameleon nudges his head into her arm.

"Oh, Pascal. It's nothingâ€¦ Just a nightmare."

\* \* \*

><p>Jack Frost was at it again. He soared over the homes, his shadow casting his form down onto rooftops of the town he passed through. He spread his arms out at his sides as he chuckled into the open air. He couldn't have asked for a more beautiful night. The stars were outâ€"and the moon too for that matterâ€"but something was missing on this early evening.<p>

There were no laughing kids, no parents calling their little ones in for the night and no retaliation on their part. Everything was quiet.

Jack lowered himself down onto the ground beside a wooden home. He stalked towards the lit windowâ€"which probably wasn't necessary since no one could actually see him. The winter spirit leaned towards the window and peered inside. Two young boys sat on a bed on either side of a woman he could only guess was their mother. Neither boy wore a smile, though their mother stoked their heads and murmured soothing words Jack couldn't make out. Why were they so upset?

He stepped back from the window and lifted his staff off the ground. He tapped the curled end against the window with a light thunk. Frost formed on the window, branching outwards from the point where the staff met the window. The frost spread to the form of a jackrabbit. The boys looked up from the spot of ground the stared at but upon seeing the form they didn't react. Jack frowned and stepped back from the window. \_What's eating them?\_

He turned and walked down between the scatters homes to a larger opening meant to act as a sort of community circle or gathering place. A fire was lit and a few people sat on logs around it. Jack was more interested in the group of kids sitting off to the side in a circle.

"What are you guys up to?" He asked, crouching down to pick up on their conversation.

"The Tooth Fairy didn't come last night either." One of the girls said.

"I told you guys she isn't real."

\_Wait, wait no. That isn't true\_. Tooth was a sweetheart. A little eccentric but she was passionate. What of her fairies? They must have missed her house.

"That makes two nights in a row. I guess she won't come."

"Hey, hold on. Don't give up like that. She's probably just backed up." Jack said, reaching out to tap one of the kids on the shoulder.

"I'm going home. See you tomorrow." The boy stood and walked up, fazing right through Jack. He clutched at his chest as he did. He would never get used to that.

"Are you going to go too?"

"I guess. I'll get nightmares either way."

"You too?"

Jack had heard enough at this point. He stood and flew upwards, gluing his arms to his sides until he was so high up that the people looked like ants. The moon was before him, big and round and silent.

"What's going on here?" he asked, gesturing down to the town below.

He got no response, which made his eyes narrow with frustration. "Why won't you answer me? My whole life I've been waiting for you to tell me what to do and who to be. Give me something! Anything!" He shouted, grip tightening on his staff.

The moon's light beamed down onto him. The moon was speakingâ€"not in words, but in pictures. Images that played out in front of the winter spirit like a film. He could see North's workshop, the Guardians, the four sacs on the ground and finally each of the chosen one's faces as clear as day. Jack gasped as the images ended and he was back to hovering in the air.

"The Guardians? We all said we didn't want toâ€" " He stared at the moon and sighed.

"No promises, alright?" He said rather rebelliously.

Jack again spread out his arms at his sides and called upon his friend. "Wind! Looks like we're going on a little trip."

End  
file.